



THE WORLD'S POOR JUDGMENT

We children on this little earth
Have many foolish ways:
How do we measure people's worth?
Who gains our highest praise?
We neither ask nor care how far
A man has had to climb;
We judge men but by what they are,
The common and the sublime.
Yet he whose fame is everywhere
May not have had to rise
As far as that poor scribbler there
With weary, aching eyes.
The outcast who by laboring
Gains ordinary worth
Has risen further than the king
Who was a prince at birth.
If men are judged when they awake
Where pearls and portals shine,
Some one whom Fame ignored may take
The first place in the line.
We children on this little ball,
In judging worth, suppose
The place a man may hold is all,
Nor care how far he rose.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Hermit
A Story of the Wilderness
By CHARLES CLARK MUNN
Author of "Pocket Island," "Uncle Terry"
and "Rockhaven."
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CHAPTER XXXVIII.—CONTINUED.

The climax of the fun came in the evening, however, for Angie, always thoughtful, had invited a little party of her oldest pupils to help entertain Martin's nieces and nephew, and the house was turned almost topsy-turvy by "Blindman's Buff," "Puss in the Corner," "Groceries" and finally a game of "Button," in which even Aunt Comfort and Aunt Lorey had to join. The limit of rollicking fun was reached in this, when the latter was called upon to pay a forfeit by kneeling in the middle of the parlor floor and measuring six yards of tape with Nezer. This performance produced shouts of laughter on all sides, but it is doubtful if Nezer enjoyed it.

There was one slightly ludicrous incident however, for Martin's mother, who was somewhat deaf and had somehow understood that her son and Angie were engaged, went to her at the close of the evening and offered congratulations in an unnecessarily loud tone. Her intent was kindness itself, but it brought a blush and almost tears to Angie, and no one informed the old lady to the contrary. Neither did any one consider it needful to do so, or that the outcome was anything but a foregone conclusion.

And so it was, for there are some adjustments in life so absolutely compatible and so evidently in harmony with the law and sequence of events, that no will can stem the current. Happiness and a union with the man Angie's heart had never once swerved from, were forcing themselves upon her, and with her will or against her will, no alternative was possible. It may be called divine law or the law of natural selection—no matter; it is one and the same, and a power that has covered "this dear old world, this queer old world," with countless happy homes, and filled its isles and fields and groves with joy supreme and the sweet rippling laughter of children. Love was hers by that same divine right, happiness for others meant her own, and what was hers she could not escape, even if she willed. More than that, the self-sacrificing impulses of a nature few men can either understand or appreciate controlled her and forced adoration.

Something of this was voiced by Aunt Comfort that night when the guests had been packed away and she and Angie were alone.

"I hain't spoken on 't afore," observed Aunt Comfort, "but I hope you an' Martin won't put off gettin' married too long. Thar ain't no need on 't now, and yer both old 'nough, 'n' I'd like ter see ye happy, 'n' I believe ye will be, an' then thar's property reasons. Ye mustn't expect Dr. Sol's goin' ter look arter them matters now that yer nat'ral protector's come back."

"Why, we are not even engaged yet," answered Angie, with emphasis, "and I told him I wouldn't be so long as you need me, as I know you do."

"Why, Angie, I'm sprised" came the somewhat severe answer, "I don't need ye half so much as ye do him, and ye've both on ye waited long enough. If ye want to make me happy, ye must consider my wishes in this matter, and I won't be happy till the day is sot 'n' I've seen ye two made one. I ain't allers goin' to stay 'round here, 'n' then thar's yer father. How do ye callate to take keer o' him alone in the world 'n' 'thout a man?"

It was a different viewpoint and one Angie had not considered. To her, duty seemed to live singly and do for those dependent, without dividing her own thought and love, or assuming wisely cares—in short to get along without a man.

"I am not anxious to be married," she said firmly, after duly weighing what Aunt Comfort had said. "It is a serious step, and if Martin cares for me, it won't hurt him to wait a few years. I have grown well used to a single life, and am quite content without him. As for property, why, the mills and Mizzys lands won't run away, and you and I have got along very well so far. Besides, there's my father, as you say, only your idea of my duty and his need is different from mine. Martin is going to take you and me to him in the spring, he says."

Then Aunt Comfort laughed, for this naive admission of woman's dependence on man was ludicrous.

"Why, you goose," she said, "if you 'n' Martin was married, thar wouldn't be no need o' my goin', 'n' 'e fer my settin' foot in one o' them toppy canoes they tell 'bout, I wouldn't do it fer a farm."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Like a wise man, Martin made no effort to change Angie's mind, but the patch between the doctor's house and her home was kept free from snow, and seldom an evening passed when he did not use it. He made himself needful to her in many ways also, one of which was to be in front of her home each morning in time to convey her to school and back again each night.

"You have walked long enough," he said, when she protested that people would consider them engaged, "and now you have got to ride, whether you want to or not. As to what folks will say, I want them to consider us engaged, for I do." He pleaded with her until she consented to resign her school at Christmas, and then hurried away to tell Squire Phinney to have another teacher engaged, and once a week a well-packed box of cut flowers was left at her dwelling by the stage driver. Martin also conferred with Aunt Comfort, who was heart and soul on his side, and table delicacies from summer climes and quite unknown to Greenvale found their way to her table. He even enlisted Nezer at 50 cents a day to go early to the schoolhouse, and have it well warmed ere Angie arrived, and if his loving care and thought missed any points in this practical wooing, they were trifling ones. When she demurred at so much attention and repeated her thanks, he would not listen.

"It's my own happiness I am hunting for," he said, "as well as yours, and I've many long years of neglect to make up. You needn't marry me until



ANGIE WHISPERED TO MARTIN.

you feel ready to propose it, but you can't stop my loving you and doing for you, say what you choose."

They had an almost make-believe quarrel over the \$2,000 he paid over to her by Dr. Sol.

"I positively refuse to touch it," Martin declared, when she handed him the identical roll of bills. "It's yours by inheritance and law, and I won't have it on my hands."

"I don't consider it mine," she answered as firmly, "and I won't keep it, so what shall I do with it?"

"I don't care what you do with it," he exclaimed with mock grandiloquence in answer. "Give it to Hannah, to Nezer, to the parson, or to the poor, or whom you choose, but you can't make me take it. I may insist that you give me a deed of the property when I tender the balance of payment, but that is all. I only bought it to keep it away from strangers."

There were other rills of joy flowing her way these days besides Martin's devotion, and one reached her heart the closing day of her school, and in the form of an invitation to come to the schoolhouse the next Saturday and be her scholars' guest of honor. She could not even guess what was in store for her, and when Martin called to convey her thither, he refused to even hint it. She almost collapsed, however, when she once more stepped into the long-familiar room, for it was packed by all her pupils, and most of their parents, with Squire Phinney as master of ceremonies. First came the singing of an improvised song with her name used, then the presentation of an album containing her scholars' pictures, with a speech by the squire, and lastly the good-bys. This finale was too much for poor Angie's composure, for as the little ones began to file by in due order, each to give and receive a kiss, her feelings gave way, and her face became a shower cloud. When the old folks' turn came, she could not speak, and after they had departed, and only Steva Phinney and Martin remained, she was still sobbing. To leave the room for the last time was almost as much a tax as parting from the school, for the ten years had imprinted every nook, cranny, and outline of that little temple on her heart, and when the door was closed and locked by Martin and the three drove away, she was still unable to speak.

The affair was a tribute she might well be proud of, for never before had its like occurred in Greenvale, and yet, when the horse's hoofs struck the old red bridge on their way home, to Angie they sounded like the rapid fall of clouds upon a coffin.

"I can't undo my heartstrings," she said to Martin that night, "and today's experience has made me feel that I am like a ship without a rudder. I have lived with the growing ambitions of my little men and women so long, they have clung to me, and loved me, and I them, all these years, that they are part of my life. I am sure I shall feel like the prisoner who, after spending 40 years in one cell each night, was released, only to go back there in a month and beg for the privilege of entering it again."

But Christmas day brought another mood to this more than lovable girl, and also a surprise to Martin. He had, as might be expected, almost filled her home with presents for all its members, a list too long for mention, and they had all eaten banquet dinner at the doctor's and with music and games passed the afternoon. It was not a day celebrated as Thanksgiving was, and when nightfall came, Aunt Comfort led the way homeward.

"I shall see you this evening, I hope," Angie whispered to Martin ere she followed; "at least I want to. I've a little Christmas present waiting for you." What it was he could not even guess—in fact did not expect any. His evenings there were usually passed in the sitting room, for the parlor was slow to warm now winter had come, and Aunt Comfort's presence was no bar to conversation with Angie. She also—like the wise mother she was—retired early, and did so to-night. Then, for a charming hour, Angie and Martin had the room to themselves. No mention of his own feelings or hopes was made by him—he had since the first abandoned that subject—and the school farewell, with books and the latest gossip, furnished topics. It was almost time for separation, and yet no mention of the Christmas token had been made by Angie.

"I thought I was to receive a present," he said at last, "or was it a joke?" "It may prove a sorry one," she answered, "but I have one for you, and will go out and get it. When I return, I'll knock; you must then arise, close your eyes, and promise not to open them until I say the word." Somewhat mystified, he promised, and for a long half-hour he watched the fire and listened to the clock. And that half hour seemed likely to never end.

At last came the knock, and he arose and dutifully closed his eyes. Soon he heard the door softly open and close, then a gentle rustling step, and when, "Now you may look," was whispered, he opened his eyes. And what a vision greeted him, for there, glowing with blushes and half concealed beneath a veil stood Angie, a bride in dress and pose, with hands folded and eyes downcast. A woman beautiful as a sculptor's dream!

"Here is your present," she whispered at last, raising her love-lit eyes to his, "you have robbed me of my school—and—and—must have some one to care for in place of it." And now did he, or did he not consider that veil superfluous? Let me assure you, kind reader, I'll never tell. [To Be Continued.]

A Merry-Go-Round.

The Osage river in Missouri is a very crooked stream. A farmer who lived on its banks, and who had a small flatboat, loaded the boat with produce one day and floated it down to the market town, six miles away. He exchanged the produce for goods at one of the stores and loaded the goods in the flatboat.

"How are you going to get your stuff home?" asked the merchant. "Get a steamboat to tow you back?"

"Not at all," said the farmer. "I'm going to float it back."

"How is that? I don't understand." "I guess you don't know much about this river. It doubles on itself just below here and runs back to within less than a quarter of a mile of my house. I've got a landing on both banks, and a team of horses that can drag the boat over from one landing to the other. Understand now?"—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Cut Papa Out.

An ambitious and high-thinking young ensign in the navy, whose salary is \$166.66 a month, recently married the daughter of a rich man. The ensign has ideas of his own about the propriety of his wife being dependent on her father and he apportioned his salary for her support. "Now, dear," he said, "of course I know your father is rich, but that makes no difference. We must steer our own ship. We must not depend on him. I have arranged matters so that you can have \$50 a month out of my salary and I think we should not send any of your bills to him, but pay them ourselves out of that allowance." The wife agreed and brought her bills to her husband. The first one he looked at was \$62.50 for roses. He gasped and stammered. "I guess we can't cut papa out just yet," he said.—N. Y. World.

War Humor.

"War has its humorous side," said Gen. Nelson A. Miles, "though the humor is always grim."

"In one of my most perilous Indian campaigns I overheard a group of privates saying good-night to one another on the eve of an engagement. These youths were in different regiments. They knew the coming fight would be a hot one. They knew it was probable enough that they would never see one another again."

"And so, as they separated, one of them said:

"Well, good-by, boys. As the coons said when the dogs made after them, 'Well all meet at the hatter's.'"

—N. Y. Tribune.

So.

Senator Spooner says that the most eloquent speech of introduction that he ever heard was delivered by a German-American, who was chairman of the committee of arrangements at a certain political gathering in Wisconsin.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I asked had been to indrotoose you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who to you will make a speech, yes! I had none done so, and he will now do so!"—Youth's Companion.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR MAGISTRATE.

We are authorized to announce Sidney B. Ardery as a candidate for Magistrate in the Centerville precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

We are authorized to announce Squire J. P. Howell as a candidate for re-election, as Magistrate of the Clintonville precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Thompson H. Tarr as a candidate for Magistrate in the Centerville precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

We are authorized to announce J. H. Hopkins as a candidate for re-election as Magistrate of the Little Rock precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Squire J. T. Barlow as a candidate for re-election as Magistrate from the Centerville precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Squire J. Will Thomas as a candidate for re-election as Magistrate of the Paris precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce Claude M. Thomas, of Paris, as a candidate for Judge of Bourbon County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Denis Dundon as a candidate for Judge of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce Geo. W. Judy as a candidate for re-election for Jailer of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Geo. W. Bowen as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party, with James A. Gibson as Deputy.

STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce Col. H. P. Thomson as a candidate for State Senator from the 28th district composed of the counties of Bourbon, Clark and Montgomery, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Charles Swift as a candidate for Senator from the 28th District, composed of Bourbon, Clark and Montgomery county. Subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Ed. D. Paton, of Paris, as a candidate for re-election as Clerk of the Bourbon County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce E. P. Clarke as a candidate for Sheriff at Bourbon county, with Albert S. Thompson and Wm. F. Talbot as deputies, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Harvey Hibler as a candidate for Sheriff of Bourbon county, with Brutus J. Clay, Jr., and James Burke as deputies, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce Henry S. Caywood as a candidate for Assessor of Bourbon county, with J. U. Boardman as deputy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

We are authorized to announce Judge H. C. Smith as a candidate for Representative of Bourbon County in the next General Assembly, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. Hal Woodford as a candidate for Representative of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. W. Shorophore as a candidate for Representative of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce T. Porter Smith as a candidate for the office of Representative of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

We are authorized to announce F. L. McChesney as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Schools of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Miss Wallace Montague as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Schools of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

COUNTY ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce Charles A. McMillan as a candidate for County Attorney of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce T. E. Moore, Jr., as a candidate for County Attorney of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Neville C. Fisher as a candidate for County Attorney of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. J. Williams as a candidate for County Attorney of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR CORONER.

We are authorized to announce Dr. Wm. Kenney as candidate for re-election for Coroner of Bourbon county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. C. Anderson as a candidate for re-election as Magistrate from the North Middletown precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Fletcher Mann as a candidate for Magistrate of the Paris precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Preston S. See as a candidate for Magistrate in the Little Rock precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Geo. W. Redmon as a candidate for Magistrate in the Little Rock precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR CONSTABLE.

We are authorized to announce Constable Joseph Williams as a candidate for re-election as Constable in the Paris precinct, subject to the action of the Democratic primary, November 15.

ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce A. J. Skillman as a candidate for Assessor, with R. O. Turner as deputy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

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